

THE
HECTOR
OF
GERMANIE,
OR
THE PALSGRAVE.
PRIME ELECTOR.

A New Play, an Honourable Hystorie,

Fist Edition

As it hath beene publikely Acted at the Red Bull,
and at the Curtaine, by a Companie of
Young men of this Citie.

Made by W. SMITH, with new Additions.

Historia vita Temporis.

L O N D O N ,

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Iosias Harrison, and
are to be sold in Pater-Noster Row, at the
the Signe of the Golden Anker. 1615.

W. Smith.



TO

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TO THE RIGHT WOR.
the great Fauourer of the Muses,
Syr John Swinnerton Knight,
sometimes Lord Mayor of this
honourable Cittie of London.

YR, Poofie is a divine gifte, borne with
many, without which donation no man can
be a Poet, though he be Princeps docto-
rum; and hane all the Languages (ad-
vngem...) Quid found this inclination in
himselfe, and that was the reason hee saide,
Quicquid conabor dicere versus erit; where Nature
speakes so forceable in any, there is no supressing it: For,
Naturam expellas furca licet vsq; recurrat, your Wor:
is so farre from offering such violence, that you are knowne to be
a great cherisher of the Muses. And I hauing receiuied some
faours from you, for priuate things, thought it might be accep-
table, to give you some Honor in Print; So that this Play, in-
titled The Palsgraue, beeing made for Citizens, who acted
it well; I deeme it fitte to bee Patronizde by a Citizen.
And not knowing any so worthy thereof as your selfe, I made
choyce of your Wor: to be my Meccenas: The kinde acceptance
whereof, will make me proceede farther in your praise. And
as I haue begun in a former Play, called the Freemans Ho-
nour, acted by the Now-servants of the Kings Majestie, to
dignifie the worthy Companie of the Marchataylors, wherof
you are a principall Ornament, I shall ere long make choyce of
some subiect to equall it. In the meane time, I leaue the Pali-
grauue in your hand, as a pledge of my good meaning, & will rest

Your Wor: most dutious,
W. Smith.

The Prologue.

Our Author for himselfe, this bad noe say,
Although the Palsgrave be the name of thi' Play,
Tis not that Prince, which in this Kingdome late,
Married the Mayden-glory of our state :
What Pendares be so bold in this strict age,
To bring him while he liues upon the Stage ?
And though he would, Authorities sterne broue
Such a presumptuous deede will not allow :
And he must not offend Authoritie,
Tis of a Palsgrave generous and high,
Of an undaunted heart, an Hectors spirit,
For his great valour, worthy roall merite ;
Whose fayre achievements, and vittorius glory,
Is the mayne subiect of our warlike Story.
Mars governs here, his influence rules the day,
And shoulde by right be Prologue to the Play :
But that besides the subiect, Mercury
Sent me to excuse our insufficiencie.
If you shoulde aske us; being men of Trade,
Wherefore the Players facultie we invade ?
Our answere is, No ambition to compare
With any, in that qualitie held rare ;
Nor with a thought for any grace you give
To our weake action, by their course to live :
But as in Camps, and Nurseries of Art,
Learning and valour haue assynd apart,
In a Cathurnall Scene their wits to try,
Such is our purpose in this History.
Emperours haue playd, and their Associates to,
Souldiers and Schollers; tis to speake and do.
If Citizens come short of their high fame,
Let Citizens beare with vs for the name.
And Gentlemen, we hope what is wellment,
Will grace the weake deede for the good intent.
Our best we promise with a dauntlesse cheeke ;
And so we gayne your lone, tis all we seeke. Exic.

Palfgrauē.

A Bed thrust out, the Palfgrauē lying sicke in it, the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Sauoy, the Marquesse Brandenburgh, entring with him.

A Letter.

Palfgrauē. Sicke at this instant now to be infirme,
When the English King hath his kinde Letter sent:
For mee to place this honourable prince,
The Duke of Sauoy in the Empires rule:
That Nation my great Grandfather did loue.
And since I came to vnderstand their valour,
I held them the Prime Souldiers of the world:
And thinke no Martiall Tutor fittes a prince,
But hee that is a true borne Englishman.
Ill comes this Letter, and your Grace at once,
A worter time then this you could not choose.
Though I am chiese Elector of the seuen,
And a meere Cesar now the Chayre is voyde:
Sicknesse hath weakened all my powers so much,
I shalbe slighted as a worthlesse thing. (Friends?

Sauoy. Why should the Palfgrauē so mistrust his

Palgr: Sauoy, because I know them factious.

And though Bohemia loue me as his life,
And Vmpeare-like, should pacifie our iars,
What is his voyce when Saxon drawes his sword?
Menz of a Cleargie-man is stout and prowde,
Trier his like, in nature and in vice.
And the bold Bastard, late expulst from Spayne,
Has a blood-thirsty hart, a vengefull spleene.
Misfortune cannot daunt him though he fled
Out of his owne Realme, and has lost his Crowne.
His impudencie yet aymes at Cesars Throne,
Id frely part with mine inheritance,
If it could purchase health to tame his pride,
But in you onely I repose my trust.

The Palsgrae.

Reserue your voyces for this Noble Duke,
Who were I well should bee an Emperour :
Sicknesse will be obeyde, I must decline,
For my speech failes mee to vrge more discourse,
Pray for mee all, if that they chaunce to win,
And I recover Ile helpe all by Warre.

The Bedde drawne in. Exit Palsgrae.

Bohem. The strength of Germanie is sicke in him,
And should hee die now in his prime of life,
Like Troy wee loose the Hector of our Age:
For hee alone, when he was strong and well,
Curb'd all their pride, and kept the worst in awe.

Marg: We must expect warre: & prepare our selues
With expedition to resist their force :
For a more dangerous Foe for Treachery,
Then is the Bastard, liues not in these parts.

Sauoy. I am sorie, that presuming on the health
Of the most valiant *Palsgrave* now fayne sicke,
I came so ill prouided for the Warres. (field.)

Bohem. We are strong enough to meet them in the

Enter the Bishop of Cullen.

Cullen. Prepare for Warre, the Bastard is in armes,
With him the fiery *Saxon*, *Mentz*, and *Trier*:
And they le besiege this Castle, to constraine
The *Palsgrave*, to elect him Emperour.

Marg: Shame to vs all, if we giue ay me to that.

Sauoy. Begyrt this Castle, and disturbe the health
Of our deare friends, it is insufferable.

Bohem. Let vs conuey him lower downe the riuier,
Vnto a stronger Castle of his owne :
And with such Forces as we haue prepar'd,
Giue battell to the Bastard and his crue,

Sauoy. You haue a *Cesar* of your owne Election,
To leade the Vangard, doe but feare mee,
We guide you where the greatest dange... And

The Palsgrauie.

And like an Emperour fight it from the field:
The Bastards but a Coward, and a Spanyard,
Coward and Spanyard oft-times goe together,
Their greatest valour does consist in Braues,
And once repulst, theyl run away like Slaves.

*Enter Prince Henry, the Bastard, the Duke of Saxon,
The Bishop of Mentz, Drum, Cullors, & Soldiours.*

Bastard. This Land of Germanie yeelds valiant men,
Haughty in heart as they in stature are :
Ten thousand such had I bene Leader of
When the Blacke-Prince, lately my greatest Foe,
Opposde me at Mazieres, and wonne the day,
I had bene Lord of that most noble Fielde,
And where an Hermit now tells ore his Beades,
Had sat a Souldier and a Conquerour.

Saxon. That Hermit is too bookish to raigne long.

Bastard. When th'Imperiall Scepter fills my hand,
And I haue Cesars wreath vpon my brow,
As had my Grandfire, and his royll Father,
He make Iberia wreake with my foes blood,
And force the Dotard to his Hermitage. (percur,

Menz. Such thoughts becomes the Germanie Em-
Has courage to wage Warre with all the world.

Saxon: Harry, a word in priuate in your eare,
When you are Emperour, as in time you shall,
I must rule all, although you weare the Crowne :
The Edicts I propose you must enact,
And call them your owne Lawes, not being vexed
At what I doe, although I mince your honour.

Bastard. How Saxon?

Saxon. Harry, Darst thou wreath thy brow,
In any contumelious forme gainst mee?
Tis by my fauour that thou art alive.
My greater greatness has repaid thy fame,
And being but my creature, it is fitte

I should

The Palgrave.

I should bee knowne to be the worthier man.

Bastard. Betweene our selues in priuate.

Sax. Publikely, and in the view of all, youle sweare.

Bastard. I must.

But being installd in the dignitie,
Ile alter what I. sweare.

Saxon. Come, your Oath,
Being an Elector, I am bard the onely Throane,
And therefore will rule by a Deputy.

Menz. This is the Castle, shall wee sommon it ?

Enter Trier, another Bishop.

Trier. Emperour elect, and princes of the State,
In vaine you labour to begyrt this hold
With hostile Armes, for Sauoy is yth field,
The Bishop of Cullen, and stoute Brandenburgh,
With the Bohemian King, are already prest,
To give you battell ere you stirre your foote.

Bast. Are they so braue, so hote, & full of courage?

Sax. The Palgrave has breath'd spirit into them all,
Thogh sicknes make him droop, weel meet the straight
Battells are gouernd by the will of Fate.

An Alarum.

Enter to them Sauoy, Bohem, Marquesse, and Cullen:
They are beaten off by the Bastards side, & excuns.

A Flourish, enter in triumph, Bastard, Saxon, Trier,
Menz, leading the king of Bohemia, Brandenburgh,
and Sauoy, Prisoners.

Bast. So moues the Sunne in glory through the skie,
Hauing outpast the clowdes that shadow him.

Sax. Now Spanish Henry, thou hast prou'd thy selfe
Worthy the Germane scepter, by thy valour,
And hee that sayes not Aue Cesar, dyes. (breake.

Bohem. Swell not too high thou bubble, least thou
Bastard. Ile breake thy heart first.

Sauoy. Ere my tongue pronounce

Aue

The Palsgrae.

Axe to any that's my enemie;
Ile bare my brest to meete thy conquering sword,
And make it crimson with an Emperours blood.

Bast. There must be but one Emperour, that's our selfe,
Therefore to prison with the counterfeit,
Whence neither County Pallasme, nor King,
Shall with theyr Forces if they were couioynd,
Haue power to set thee free. (my selfe,

Saxon. For you my Lords, that are Electors like vnto
Giue but your free consents that hee shall gouerne,
And that shall serue as ransome for you all.

Marg. Neuer while life lastes.

Bohem. Or I breath this ayre.

Menz. Then let them share like fortune in his doom
As they haue done this happy day ith field.

Bastard. To prison with them all.

Saxon. Not till you are Cownde.
That fight shall serue in stede of a Tormentor,
And I reioyce to vexe mine enemie.

Bastard. Giue vs our rights.

The two Bishops, Menz, & Trier, Crown the Bastard.

(manse.)

Menz. Rex Romanorum, & magnus Imperator Ger-
Vive Cesar.

Saxon. Vive Cesar.

Bastard. Enough those Vines, take away my life,
In the delitious wrapture of my soule,
For theres no heauen methinkes like royall thoughts,
The Palsgrae Castles raste vnto the ground,
And peace establisht, we meane once againe
To trye our Fortune for the Realme of Spayne.

Exeunt.

Enter Peter the Hermit, King of Scaine in a disguise.

Peter. Since the decease of Englands royall Sonne,
That plac't me lately in Spaynes government,

B

Those

The Palsgrae.

Those that did feare me for his valor sake,
Are by the traynes and falsehood of my brother,
Reuolted from mee, and to saue my life
I was constrained to put on this disguise,
To goe to *England* for a newe supplie
Of men and Soldiours would but weary them.
I haue therefore bene in *France*, and failing there,
Am come to *Germanie*, to implore the ayde
Of the *Elettors*, but by ill successe,
Bohemia, *Brandenburgh*, and *Sauoyes* tane :
The *Bastard* has bewitcht the other Peeres.
So that my Foe is now an Emperour,
And all the hope I haue to get mine owne
Lyes in the *Palsgrae* sicke I haere to death,
Hearc I expect his answere to my Letter.

Enter the Palsgrane, led in by Cullen, and others.

Palsgr. Are you the Hermit that did bring this letter?
Peter. And personate him that sent it.

Palsgrae. What Spaynes King?
Oh that I were as I was wont to bee,
Before this dangerous sicknesse was my Foe,
No Christan King that came to mee for ayde
But hee should speed.

Peter. In time you may recouer.

Palsgr. Meane time be welcom, sit, & take your rest,
And now my Lord of *Cullen* I me prearde,
To heare the woefull tydings you haue brought.
Comes noble *Sauoy*, and *Bohemias* King,
With the stoute *Marquesse Brandenburgh* in triumph ?
And is proude *Saxon* taken, with the *Bastard*,
Trier and *Mentz* made subiect to your sword ?
Oli if they bee speake it, and make me well.

Cullen. Alls lost, We are conquerd, *Sauoy* is surprizde,
And our best Friends in bondage to our Foes :
Heauen has forgot the Iustice of our cause.

And

The Palsgraue.

And onely I escapt to tell the newes.

Pal/g. This were enough to kill some man in health,
But in me the effect is contrary.
All lost, all conquerd; *Sauoy* made a Slave:
My Friends in prison, and none escapt but you,
Hee that can heare such ill newes and be sickle,
Deserues nere to recouer, in my blood,
I feele an inflammation of reuenge:
Theres greater strength gathered into my nerues,
Then ere before, since that I grewe infirme:
They will not rest thus, and stay onely there,
But hauing conquerd them, assiame the Crowne,
And make the *Bastard Emperour*.

Cullen. Hee is Crownd.

Pal/g. More blood increases, & some more ill newes
Would make me cast my Night-cap on the ground,
And call my Groome to fetch mee a Warre-horse,
That I may ride before an Army royll,
And plucke the Crowne from off the *Bastards* head,
That is anothers right.

Cullen. Tis thought my Lord,
Your Castle which you left to saue your life
Is beaten to the ground, and your goods theirs:
And further, that they will pursue you hither,
As if you fled before their conquering swords.

Palsgr. Be sicke who will, mine Ague does retire.
And *Cullen* thou hast cur'd me with ill newes.
Come valiant Soldiours shew your selues like men,
And be assur'd weeble winne the victory.
Harke how they shout as they applauded mee:
And see how brauely every Leader rides,
Plum'd from the Beauer to the Saddle bowe,
Whilst the bold Souldier makes his lofty pike
Stretch in the Ayre with tossing it aloft.
Brauely done fellow: that tricke once againe,
And there's gold for thy paines,hee fights like *Hector*.

The Palsgrauie.

Whilst at his feete th'amazed Grecians fall,
And though Achilles would renew the Field,
Hee dares not doo't, the enemies so strong,
Me thinks I heare a peale of Ordinance play,
They are the Bastards Cannons, planted high,
To ouerthrow my Castle to the ground.
Now they shoote off, Death, all my foes are come.
Marshall my Troupes, and let Drum ansWERe Drum.
My selfe in person will be generall.
But I fainte, and am not what I would be.
My spirit is stronger then my feeble lyms,
Leade me once more with griefe vnto my bed,
Fewe know the sorrowes of a troubled head.

Marcus Cullen, & Peter. Exit Palsgrauie led in.

Cullen. How faine would valour sicknes ouercom?
But his infirmity denyes such power.
And I am more grieved for his weake estate,
Then for our late great losse.

Peter. Palsgrauie may helpe him.
And as I liu'de a fellow amongst Hermits,
I learnt some skill that has curde many a Prince.
See him safe guarded from his enemies.
And on my life I will recouer him. (Eleete,

Cullen. Wee are strong enough to waste him to his
And when the Enemy shall mifte him here,
Theyle turne their conquering Force another way,
And goe for Spayne.

Peter. My Kingdome.

Cullen. To subdue it.

Peter. Let them proceed, but when hee has got his
Strength, theyle rue their boldnesse; Meane time trust
to mee. For next to Heauen Ile cure his maladie.

Enter olde Fitzwaters, and his Steward. Exenne.
Old Fitz. Thou art his hand, the agent of his thoughts,

And

The Palsgrave.

And onely enginor, by which he works
Some dangerous plot to blow his Honour vp;
Is't possible my Sonne should be from Court
So often, and the cause vnde knowne to thee,
That art his bosome-friend, his Counsellor?

Stew. I know no cause except to take the ayre.

Old Fyth. My wrath shall finde another in thy breft.
Know that thou tread'st on thy last foote of earth,
From whence is no remoue, but to the graue:
Flye me thou canst not, and to make resistance,
Will draw vpon thee for one Lyons rage,

All the whole denne. *Offers to kill him.*

Stew. Hold, and Ile tell your Honour,
Know that his vsuall haunt is to the house
Of the Lord *Clynton*, whither he is gone
To see his Daughter, whom he does affect.

*Old. Doats he on my betrothed, my Loue, my wife?
Had he the liues of many hopefull sonnes
Incorporate with his owne, my rage is such
I should destroy them all, ere lose my Loue.
But how does she affect him?*

Stew. As her life:
Alleagding, that the Contract made to you,
Was by constraint to please her honour'd Father:
But he was precontracted, first made sure.
And this I heard her speake, with pearléd teares;
*Then Loue, no passion ought to be more free,
Nor any agreement like that sympathie.*

Old Fyth. I haue put on *Dianiras* poysoned shrt
In the discourse, and euery word cleaves to me
As deadly in the apprehension,
As that which kill'd the Iew-borne *Hercules*.
But wherefore doe I combat with my selfe,
That haue a greater enemie to curbe?
Oh, but he is my sonne! What is a sonne?

The Palsgrave.

The effect of a sweete minute, he shall dye,
Being my pleasure to effect my pleasure :
Attend me where he is, I may destroy him.

Exeunt.

Enter a Page.

Page. I haue a sweete Office, to be Gentleman Porter to a backe dore; but tis for a Lady, the best beauty in England: and if there be any Pandering in the busynesse, though I am accessary i'the fee, because I liue by it, I haue no knowledge in the fault. Many a Courtier would be glad of my place, yet I hold it not by pattent, for terme of life, nor for yeeres: but as young Gentlemen get Venison vpon sufferance or by stealth. If the Lord *Clynton* should haue notice of this Key or evidence, by which the young Lord *Fybwaters* is conueyed to his Daughter against his will, though shée be his Wife by a precontract, I might bee conueyed to the porters-lodge. But if all Court-secrets come to light, what will become of the Farthingales thinke you that couer them? No, since Ladies weare Whale-bones, many haue beene swallowed, and so may this. Heere comes the Young Lord.

Enter Young Fybwaters.

T. Fyt. Alwaies at hand, thy carefulnesse is great: Where is thy Lady?

Page. Walking in the Garden.

T. Fyt. So early, then I see loues the best larke: For the Corne builder has not warbled yet His mornings Carroll to the rising Sunne. There's for thy paines.

Page. I thanke your Lordship. And now like the Keeper of a prison, hauing my fee, tis fit I should turne the Key. You know the way to my Ladies chamber.

T. Fyt. I doe.

Exit Young Fybwaters.

Page. Sure

The Palfraue.

Page. Sure liberallitie was a louer, or he would nere
Be so bountifull: some thinke it a chargeable thing to
keepe a Woman of any eminent fashion, and so tis;
but to keepe them as I doe vnder locke and key, and
suffer none to enter but such liberall Gentlemen, is
the onely way to make a rich Keeper. I must walke
still to watch his comming foorth.

Enter old Fythwaters and Steward.

O. Fyt. You haue beeene with the Lord Clynton?

Stew. And he promist to meeete you in the Garden
couertly.

O. Fyt. Is this the place?

Stew. And this is the Ladyes *Page* that lets him in.

Page. Helpe, helpe. *Stop his mouth.*

O. Fyt. If you bellow here, you breath your last; by
Backe dores, come sit along with me. (waies,
If that her father meeete, as I desire,
Whats but a sparke, will prooue a mount of fire.
Locke the dore after vs.

Steward. My Lord I will.

Exeunt all.

*Enter in the Garden, Floramell the Lord Clyntons
Daughter, and Young Fythwaters.*

They sit on a banke.

Flo. The delian Lute is not more Musicall
Then thy sweete voyce, Oh my *Apollo* speake,
That with the wrapture of thy words, my soule
May be intranist, and wish no other ioyes:
That by the discord of two Broken harps,
(Old and vnsit for Louers harmony)
Our ioyes should suffer a distate of feare;
And in our most delights a qualme of griefe
Runne like a vayne of Lead through a Gold-mine.

*Olde Fyth-waters and the Lord Clynton
some behinde, and oner heare them.*

Flo. We

The Palsgrae.

Flo. We grow too iealous of our prosperous daies,
Making an euill, where no ill is meant :
Like hallowed ground, loue sanctifies this place,
And will not suffer danger to intrude.
Hore we are ringd in earthly Paradise,
And may haue all the heauen to our selues :
Be then Mistrust an exile from my brest ,
Where liues no iealousie, dwells present rest.

Clyz. But wee'l disturbe it, & your amorous joyes.

T. Fyt. Our Fathers present; Sweet, we are betrayd.

O. Fyt. Betrayd to death : why doe you hold my
There's greater fury kindled in my brest, (Sword?
Then can be quencht by any thing but blood :
I shall turne frantique if you brand the Sea
Of my displeasure in such narrow bounds ,
And with a Deluge, equall to the first ,
That ouer-spred the world, swell vp so high ,
Till not a Mountaine ouer-looke the streme ,
Nor heauen be seene for Riuers of the Land.

T. Fyt. If I could feare the wauing of a Sword ,
Mine enemies had frighted me ere now ;
But I'me invaluable , like my minde ,
Not to be wounded but with darts of loue ;
And I as little estimate a Father
In these Pathaires, as he esteemes my griefe .
There's no preoritie in loues high Court
Graunted vnto the Father 'fore the Sonne ;
But like the purest gouernment of all ,
Every mans minde is his owne Monarchy :
Where reason nere set foote to make a law ,
Shall common sense keepe one, that were absurd .

O. Fyt. Wouldst fight with me ?

T. Fyt. Not if you will forbear me ;
But in a warre defensiuē I will stand
Against an Army of my Auncestors ,
Did their enfranchiz'd soules break ope their tombes

An

The Palsgraue.

And reassum'd their bodyes as they liu'd,
In their full pride and youthfull iollity.

O. Fy. Let Rauens perch vpon these blossoming trees,
Night Owles their stations in this Garden keepe,
And euery ominous portence draw neere:
For here Ile offer vnto *Hecate*,
A hellish sacrifice in a sonnes blood.

Clyn. I feele an Earth-quake in my tremblung flesh,
And my well boding *Gemmes* bids me draw
A sword of vengeance on this hastie Lord,
Ere suffer him to be a paricide.

O. Fyth. Will the Lord *Clynton* buckler out my foe?

Clyn. No, but restraine you from a wilfull murther,

Flo. And like the best oblation for your wrath,
Loe, I the subiect of this variance fall
prostrate on my knee, to suffer death,
Ere such a rude act, most vnfather-like,
Be put in practise on so good a sonne.

O. Fyth. Good to deceiue me.

T. Fyth. The deceit is yours.

O. Fyth. Forswear him, and I shall rest satisfied.

Flora. Neuer.

T. Fyth. Nor I.

O. Fyth. Giue way.

T. Fyth. I neede no buckler.

Clyn. I stand not here to offend, but to defend
Your liues and honour gainst so vile an act
Would blurre the Conquerors fame perpetually,
Making your swords the furies fire-brands,
Bath'd so vnnaturally in others blood.
Where neither Honour, nor Religion springs,
Tis better farre such combats be vnfought:
I know your pleas, her father has my graunt,
You her affection got against my will:
The place whereon you stand is our owne ground,
And here tis fit I arbitrate the cause,

D

The Palsgrauē.

Mongſt reasonable men peace is held good :
None loue diſſentio[n], but they thirſt for bloōd.

O. Fyt. Counſel preuailes, I am glad he is not ſlaine.

T. Fyt. I liue with ioy, that I me no Father-killer.

Clyn. Will you ſubſcribe to what we ſhall injoyne?

Old Fyt. & T. Fyt. We doe.

Clyn. In briſe tis thiſ, You muſt forbear my houſe,
And neuer more be ſene within my gaetes.

T. Fyt. This is extreame.

O. Fyt. I haue a heauier doome,

Which on my curſe I charge thee to obſerue :

• Which is, That iſtantly thou leaue the Land,
And trouble me no more to get her loue.

T. Fyt. How am I croſt!

Flor. How is my heart tormented !

T. Fyt. Yet I haue all the world to traſique in,
Except in England, and your Honoures houſe :
But as the diſſolution of the ſoule
From ſuſh a body as deſires to loue,
Is burthenſome and grieuous to the man ;
Such is my heart diſſeuered from my Loue.

Flo. And ſuſh is mine to loſe thy company.

T. Fyt. You are cruell to impoſe a curſe vpon me,
That ſentencē is extreame, I feele it worke
Mo[re] deadly on my grieued faculties,
Then to haue dyed vpon my fathers ſword :
For now mine owne woes muſt deſtroy my ſelſe.
And that's a murther worſe then paracide. *Exit T. Fyt.*

Flora. My knife ſhall end me.

Old Fyt. Hold thy deſperate hand,
Would it make our Nuptialls proue a Tragedy ?

Flo. I wou'd, and be i[n]hum'd within the ground,
Rather then meaſure out a hated bed.

Clyn. Neuer regard the paſſions of a woman,
They are wily creatures, and haue learnt thiſ wit,
Where they loue moſt, beſt to diſſemblē it;

O. Fyt. If

The Palsgraue.

O. Fyt. If that proueso, my heart wil be the lighter.
Manet Steward.

Excuse.

Stew. I haue done an act will make me odious
To all succeeding tmes, betrayde my friend :
But here he come, Ile stay and speake with him.

Enter young Fytzwaters.

T. Fyt. Carelesse of foes, of father, or his curse,
Come I againe to challenge Floramell,
Whch I suspect the Steward has betrayde.

Stew. Within my brest bathe a reuengefull sword,
Loe, I oppose it to your greatest wrath :
Yet if you saw the counsells of my heart,
There you may reade, twas not I but feare
That was the Authour of your loues betraying ;
Your angry father threatned me with death,
And I had no euasion but to tell it :
But if your Lordship please to pardon me,
Ile lay a plot to helpe you to your Loue.

T. Fyt. He that is once false, will be never true.

Stew. Then wherefore serues repentance ?

T. Fyt. Well, proceede.

Stew. Set downe the place where I shall finde you
And if I bring not thither Floramell, (Honowt,
At our next meeting take away my life.

T. Fyt. Meete me at Yorke house.

Stew. Ile be there ere long.

I haue done amisse, and will amend the wrong. *Excuse.*

*Enter old Fytzwaters, Clynton, and
a Bishoppe.*

Clyn. The Bride not vp, and the Archbishop come,
Some call her downe.

O. Fyt. Welcome my reverend Lord.
Doe not you Bishops vse sometimes to dreame ?

Bisb. We haue the same incitements of the blood

The Palsgrauē.

That others haue, and in our phantasies
We see strange shapes, and diuers things to follow.

Cly. What was your dreame to night?

Bisb. As I remember,
H. m. n was turn'd into a Mercury,
And hec's the Patron of all slye deceits.
But whats my dreame to your assayres my Lord?

O. Fyt. That such another dreame I had last night:
And if I should be cheated of my Bride,
T'were a strange premonition.

Clyn. Feare it not, see where shice comes:

Enter the Page, drest in one of Floramells
Gowmes, wearing a Mask. Floramell and
the Steward above.

O. Fyt. March forwards to the Church. Excuse
Lords and Page.

Ste. So, whilſt he takes your place, we are for York.
Flora. I come Fytwaters flying. (house.
Stew. Let's away.

Enter young Fytwaters.

T. Fy. The stay of my faire Mistris makes me wilde;
Sure I shall never more behold her face;
The Stewards false, and Floramell may change.
Ile therefore giue a period to my griefe,
And in dispayre finish what life denyes:
Yet ere I dye, let all the World this know,
A Womans loue procur'd my ouerthrow.

Enter the Steward and Floramell.

T. Fyt. My Floramell, to Sea. Excuse.

Enter from Church, old Fytwaters, Clynton,
Bisbap, and the Page discouered.

O. Fyt. Oh my distracted soule, this is extreame,
Gull'd

The Palsgrave.

Gull'd with a Boy, drest in your Daughters gownes
This is a croesse that patience cannot beare.

Clinton. Who was the cause of this, speake ;
Wheres my Daughter?

Puge. I fledge to your Sonne.
The Steward layd the plot ; What I haue done
Was for my Ladies sake.

Old Fuzw. That Steward is a Villaine.

Clinton. Lets goe seeke him.

Take feuerall streetes, but let your meeting be
At the Water-side, least they shold flee to Sea.

Old Fi. To the water side; Lord *Bishop* keep the boy.

Exeunt Old Fitzwater and Clinton.

Bishop. I will.
My Dreame is falne out right, *Hymen* is chang'd
Into a flye deceyuing *Mercurie* :
But tis most requisite, they that doe wrong
Should feele the penaltie by suffering it.
I witnessse can the Young Lordes precontract,
Bad Fathers that infringe a holy act.

Exeunt.

*Enter King Edward disguised like a priuate
man, a Lord with him.*

King. This day I thinke I propised the Lord *Clinton*
To be his Guest.

Lord. It was my Liege this Day.

King. I haue dismift my Traine to steale vpon him,
But whats the reason all things are so quiet ?
A Lordes house at so great a Cerimonie
As is a Marriage, should be like a Court :
Multitudes thronging vp and downe like waues,
And the Gate kept with an Officious porter,
To giue kinde entertainment to all Commers ;
Heres no such a matter.

Lord. Here Olde Fitzwater comes.

Enter Olde Fitzwaters.

The Palsgrau.

O. Fye. Some Pegasus has borne her from my sight
For nere a horse I keepe can ouertake them :
By all conjectures they are gone to Sea,
And Saft by this.

King. His Bride.

Lord. Belike tis so.

O. Fyr. Some whirl-winde follow them ;
And making the Ocean rougher then my brow,
Yee dauncing *Porusses* caper aloft,
And mud the white foame with your ietty backs ;
A perfect signe a tempest is at hand.
Rise from the bottome of the deepe ye *Whales*,
And ouerturne the Shippe that carries them :
But let a *Dolphin* sauē my *Flor. m. ll.*,
And backe vnto the hauen guide her safe.
As for the boy, make him your watry pray,
Eate him aliue, that he may heare his bones
Craft in the iawes of the *Leviathan* :
But sauē his head for me to know him by,
Authour of all my griefe and misery.

King. Ile interrupt his passion.

Lord. Stay my Liege.

You shall heare more, here comes the other Father.

Enter *Clyton.*

(Bride?)

Clyn. How now my Lord, haue you surprizd your
Old. I thinke thy treachery conuycd her hence,
And by thy meanes another was atty'd
In her habiliaments to vexe me thus.

Clyn. You highly wrong me.

Old. I would righē you better,
Were I assur'd of your close tretchery.

Clyn. Threaten me?

Old. With no more then Ile performe.

Clyn. Not in cold blood.

Old. No, but in blood like fire.

Elyn.

The Palsgrave.

Clinton. In choller, passion and a crazed braine,
But when you haue slept vpon your menaces,
You will not then make good a noble challenge,
And enter single combate like a Lord.

Old Fitz. There lie my gage I dñe thee to the field,
And will auer without the aduice of sleepe,
That thou wert priuy to the Stewards blot. (dare.)

Clint. Ile take your gage, and meet you when you
Kme. But we're not suffer it, that loue the liues
Of euery subiect, much more of our Peeres :
And as for you *Fitz-waters*, that are growne
Hotter then I exspected from your age,
Except you can produce good witnessesse,
That *Clinton* has deceiu'd you of your Bride,
Ile stay the combate or imprison you.

Fitz. I cannot prooufe it, but I thinke tis so. (gage.)

King. Correct such thoughts, and giue him back his
Fitz. Withall my heart. (guesbake the gage.)

King. *Clinton* I am satisfied.

*Enter a Messenger with a Letter which he offers
to the King.*

King. How now, what newes bring you?

Messenger. Letters my Liege from the Count Palatine
King. Our noble friend *Bavaria's* valiant Duke.

Messenger. From him my Leige.

King. Weele read them instantly.

The Contents of the Letter.

Allslost, our elected friend *Sauoy* taken prisoner;
with him *Bohemie*, and *Brenburgh*; sickenesse
would not suffer mee to weare Armour, but by the
helpe of the Royall Hermit, *Peter the King of Spayne*
your friend and Beadesman I am recovered. The *Bas-*
gardis made Emperour, and has shifft himselfe
for *Spaine*, whither I purpose to saile to hinder

Palsgrave.

His intendements, if I suruiue the Battell, and be conquerour, Ile vnsitte you in England, except the Seabe my Sepulcher.

Your Friend in Armes,
ROBERT the Palsgrave.

Ill newes, not suddenly to be amended,
The Palsgraves sicknesse was the greatest losse.
The Bastard Crowdnd, vncrowne him if thou canst,
Thou that art marchlesse for thy Chualtie.
Send but his head from Spayne, to tread vpon,
And I should count it an vnuvalued gift.
As for good S.roy, and his Germaine Friends,
Ere long Ile set them free, or make the soyle
That holds them prisoners a Marsh-ground for blood,
Till I heare newes from Spayne of good successe.
Each day I liue will be a yeaire of griefe.

Clynton. Pleaseth my Liege to lay aside your sorrow,
And with your Royall person grace my house,
Clynton will holde it an exceeding fauer.

Old Fuzw: So will Fitzwaters gratiouse soueraigne,
And though this day looke blacke with my disgrace,
Your Royall presence whitens an Aethyops face.

King. I accept your kindnesse, & wilbe your Guest.

Exeunt.

Enter the Palsgrave, Cullen: and Peter the King
of Spayne, Drums, Culors, and Soldiors.

Palsg. Next vnto heauen to you, we giue the praise,
Most zealous King for our recouery,
And now my Lord of Cullen shew your selfe,
As good a Souldier as a Cleargie man.
In stead of Beades now vse a Martiall sword.
For here in Spayne where the Blacke Prince incampte,
And made the Bastard flie, our Tents are pitcht,
And the proude Foe comes with a Spleene intrag'de,
To drise vs from Macieres; Harry shall know,

As

The Palsgraue.

As hee has Kingly blood within his veynes,
And is a *Cesar*, hee shall meete with *Cesars*.

Cullen. I heare their Drummes.

Peter. And I reioyce to heare them,

Enter to them the Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.

Bastard. The Palsgrave heere, now wee shall haue
Your voyce to our Election, or for that your life.

Saxon. You were sick in Germanie.

Palsgrave. But now recovered.

And hither come to beate you out of Spaine.

Trier. He beares himself, as he were sure to cōquer.

Menz. And looks more like a *Loue* then like a man.

Palsgrave. I hold my thunder here, & my right arme
Has vigor in it, when you feele my blowes

To giue you causē to call them Thunderboltes.

If there be any in this Martiall Troope

That with a Soldiours face, has a bold heart,

And dares auerre that this religious prince

Is not the lawfull and true King of Spaine,

I will make good his Title by the syword,

And against that prowde combattant oppose

My selfe as challenger to fight for him.

Bastard. I dare take vp your gage, and answere you,

But that I should impaire this dayes renowne,

By giuing desperate men such meanes to dye,

Who for you know your Armie weake, and fewe

Would hazard that vpon a single fight.

Which in the Battell you are sure to loose,

No Foxlike pollicie shall blind my sight,

But that I see the ruine of you all.

This day ith Field, thine Palsgrave and the rest,

He combats well tips vp an Armyes brest.

Saxon. Ile answer his prowde challenge. (& power.

Bast. We forbid it, that are your *Emperor*, both in stile

Saxon. In stile, but not in power, that strenght is mine,

Palsgraue.

Except youle be forsworne.

Bastard. This for an Oath,
Th' art but the step by which I did ascend,
And being vp, rest there till I descend.

Saxon. Youle answere this anon.

Bastard. Here, or else-where.

Didst euer know a Cesar that could feare.

Saxon. Ile stabbe the Bastard.

Trier. Worthy Duke desist.

Palsgr: No Combat then will be accepted of.

Bastard. In general, with our powers in the opē field,
But not betwixt the Generalls priuately.

Palsgr: Then you are Cowarde all.

Ile so proclaimie you in my thundring Drums,
And by the gloryes that I hope to win,
Proue it this day to thy perpetuall shame:
But to a hartlesse foe words are but vaine.

Alarum Drum, that shewres of blood may raigne.

Excut omnes.

Alarum, The Bastards side beaten off.

Enter in an exescion Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.

Bastard. It shall be treason to my Fame to day,
If I encounter any Foe ith field,
Till I haue combattted this drunken Saxon.

Saxon. How Bastard, how?

Bast. Bastard!

Saxon. What else?

Thou wert twice misbegotten, once in Nature,
And secondly, in being any prides desalt,
By which thou art a Bastard Emperour.

Bastard. Stand from about me, or Ile strike you dead

Menz. Remēber where you are amongſt your foes,
Who by your discord may destroy vs all.
And this aduantage of your variance
Giuſes them the victorie with easinesſe.
If not for your owne Honourſ and your liues,

For-

The Palsgrae.

Forbear for ours.

Trier. They shall not combat here:
Ile make my Rotchet crimson like your Colours;
Ere I stand by and suffer such a wrong.

Sax. How these braue Churchmen talke.

Bast. Are you in your Pulpits? *Strikes the Bishops*
on their Targets, and fights with Saxons.

Enter Palsgrae, Peter, and Cullen, with Soldiers.

Trier. Here's those will strike you.

Bast. What, the *Palsgrae* come!

Sax. Emperour be wise, & ioyne thy force to mine,
Till we haue driven away the enemy,
And then returne to our old variance.

Ba. I am *Saxons* till the *Palsgrae* dye or fly: (glory,

Pa. You shold haue fought stil, twould haue bin my
To haue giuen ayme, & then the conqueror conquerd:
But what your variance leaues unfinish here,
Ile end with the destruction of you both.

Bast. We feare you not.

Pals. Vpon them valiant friends.

Charge upon them, and the Bastard taken
Prisoner on the Stage, Saxon and the
Bishops beaten off.

Saxon is fled, *Casar* my captiue is,
I must not lose him; guard the Emperour sure,
Whilſt I pursue the Duke.

Peter. We will.

Bast. Am I your prisoner?

Peter. Not so good, my flau.

Cullen. To trample on, or vse as he likes best.

Bast. We are Brothers.

Peter. Now: but in your high estate,
No greater enemy then you had I.

Ch. Best that we guide him to the *Palsgrae's Tent.*

Enter Saxon with two swords, and meets them.

The Palsgraue.

Saxon. Although he be Ambitious, and my Foe,
Honour commaunds mee that I reskew him.
That I may haue the honour of his death,
When we trye Maisteries in a singel fight.

Peter. Tis Saxon, Guarde him sure.

Cullen. To our best powēr.

Saxon. No further, if you meane to sauie your liues.
The Palsgraues slaine, his blood wreakes on my sword,
And I aduise you for your owne discharge,
To give this valiant Emperour libertie.

Peter. Not whilst wee liue.

Saxon. Helpe to release your selfe.

Saxon gives him a swerde.

Bastard. Most willingly.

They beate of Cullen the King of Spayne,
Thanks for your paines, but yet we will be Foes.

Saxon. To horse, to horse, and talke of that elsewhere.

Exeunt.

Enter againe Cullen and Peter.

Peter. This was the most ill chance that euer hafned.

Cullen. He saide he had slaine the Palsgraue.

Peter. Twas his cunning to astonish vs with feare, but
If he liue, how shiall we answer him for this mischance.

Cullen. See where he comes, I woulde the storm were
(past.)

Enter Palsgrane.

Palsgrane. I lost him in the preasse, his snowy steed
Was crimsond ouer with the blood of men,
And Lyon-like he fought with all his strength,
But since the Emperour is my prisoner,
I shall the lesse regard the Dukes escape.

Peter. Oh Noble Syr, we haue deceiuied your trust,
And lost the Jewell you bad vs keepe.

Cesar by Saxon is redeemd and fledde,
And wee remaine in grieve for his escape.

Palsgrane. When Fortune is dispold' to crosse a man.

Va-

The Palsgrave.

Valour and foresight are of no effect:
He least by Saxon, and his Keepers lieue;
You are not as I thought you, valiant men:
But worse then these that runne away for feare,
He shoule haue made passage through my heart,
Ere scapt from me by Saxon or his plots:
But now it is too late to follow him;
And the whole Field is made a liquid Sea,
Sinke may they both into the crimson fenne.
But why should they sinke, you deserue it best:
From henceforth Ile nere take a Spaniards part,
Except he had a farre more valiant heart. (please,

Peter. Let my blood speake for me, faire words dis-

Pal/g. Well, since I thinke twas weaknes and not
By which they are escapt, I calme my spleene, (will,
And rest content that we haue woon the field.
After you are establisht in your Throne,
Ile sayle to England to regreete the King:
And then to Germany, where if we meeete
Bauaria's, ayre shall be his winding-sheeete.
Retreat, retreat, and thanke heauen for the day.

Enter Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.

Saxm. At your requests my Lords, I am contented
To receiue this Emperour into grace and fauour.

Bast. He flouts me, would you haue me suffer this?
At their requestes they haue requested me
To allay my spleene, and take thee into fauour.

Mentz. Theyle nere be friends.

Trier. Lets leaue them both to fight.

Bastard. Away.

Saxon. Weele force you else.

Mentz. We are a going.

Exeunt Bisopps.

Bast. So, now I wll imagine that this ground
Is all the Empire that my greatnesse swayes:
And that the heads of many rebell Subiects

The Palsgrau.

Are plaste on thee; that striking off thy head,
I cut off halfe a Nation at a blow.

Sax. And I the Emperours of a Nation.

Fight, and Saxon is downe.

Why dost not kill me, since tis in thy power?

Bast. Thou sau'dst my life, for that Ile set the free.

Sax. Caesar, thou art a Noble enemie;

Hencefoorth I vow to relinquish euery ill
That may displease thee, and obey thy will.

Bast. Such be my conquests ouer those I loue.

As they embrace,

Enter Trier and Cullen. (their anger.

Menz. So, they are friends, they haue fought away

Sax. Has conquer'd me with courtesie and valour.

Men. Then now to counsel how we shall proceede
In this most dangerous warre against the Palsgrau,

Who as I heare by firme intelligence.

Meanes with his Fleet to touch the English Shore,
And draw the valiant Edward to his part.

Bast. If such a day come, twill be blacke to vs:
For of all Nations in the world, I hate
To deale with Englishmen, they conquer so.

Saxon. Follow his example, and lets get a King
To take our part, as well as they haue done;
France has beeene wasted by their crueltie,
And cannot but in spleene desire reuenge,
Were he sollicitid to be our friend,
We should with the more ease be conquerors.

Menz. Send thither.

Trier. Or sayle thither.

Bast. Thats the best:

But shall we onely build our hopes on strength;
I thinke twere good to peece the Lyons skinne
Where it too short falls, with the Foxes skinne,
A couple of Protean villaines I haue ready,
For any dangerous attempt in peace,

And

The Palsgrave.

And they can poysone, stab, and lye in wayte
Like Serpents, to intrappe and cease their prey,
Mendoza and *Vandome*, those are the men :
Let them be call'd in.

Menz. They are heare, great *Casar*.

Enter *Vandome* and *Mendoza*.

(will ?

Van. Most mightie Emperour, what's your Highnes
Bast. That vnto England presently you sayle,
And there confort you with the Earle of *Artoyes*,
A Frenchman borne, but one that loues vs well ;
Let him and you send vs intelligence
Of the proceedings of the English King,
With the haughty *Palsgrave*, giue the Earle this Letter,
By which yee may winne credit in his trust :
And er't be long I will deuise a plot,
Which you shall mannage, for the generall good.
Be carefull, as you doe respect our loue,
And hope for gold in shoures ; meane time take this.

Mend. Your will shall be obey'd.

Land. It shall be done.

Sax. Great *Ioue* can say no more :
That State thrives best that has such *Staues* in store.

Bast. See our Fleet ready : and yee swelling gales,
That blow the good houres, fill our empty sayles.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, the Queen, and
Poytieres.

F. King. My Lord of *Poytieres*, as you are inform'd,
Where meanes the Emperour and his trayne to land ?

Poyt. Here at this towne of Bulleigne, & the newes
Is certaine that his Mightinesse is neere.

Q. How angry has the heauens bin with the sea,
That it hath boyl'd so much, and cast the sands

Into

The Palsgrau.

Into such mountaines that they ouer-lookē
The bounds that held them in.

F. King. Well may our friends
Escape the danger of this heauy storne :
Small gusts at Land, sinke a whole Fleete at Sea ;
And whilst out Cities keepe vs from their rage,
The Rocks beate them, as Tennis.-Courts doe balles.
Ide haue an Atheist trauell through the deepe,
And he shall see such wonders, that his soule
Would make him soone beleuee there is a God.
But what fayre Gentlewoman haue we here,
Wnich is a Ship-wrackt creature, comes a shore?

Enter Floramell.

Flo. All wet and weary with a boysterous storne,
At last I haue set my foote vpon the Land ;
I tremble as a Feauer shooke my ioynts,
But tis the Ocean that has frozen me :
Drop there thou moysture of a swelling Flood.
And let me see, no Fisher-man at hand,
To tell me in what Coaſt I am arriu'd :
Alas I ſee none, I ſhall dye with cold.

Q. Poystiers ſpeakē to her, giue the woman comfort.

Poyt. How is it with pretty Gentlewoman ?

Flor. Sir, I am very cold, and wet, and ill,
Would you could helpe me to a little fire
To dry my ſelfe, and I would pray for you.

Poyt. Tis now no time to reaſon of your ſtate :
Here take my Cloake. *Ataffata Cloake.*

Flora. Alaffe Sir, tis but thinne,
And makes me ſhake the more to thiſke vpon't :
I would be shifted into warmer Roabes,
If I could meete with ſome kinde Gentlewoman.

Q. Make vſe of me, you ſhall not want for helpe.

Flo. You ſeeme to be of a Maieſtique ſtate,
What ſhould a poore diſtrefled Gentlewoman,

Troubl

The Palsgrauie.

Trouble a person of such eminence?

F. King. Thy state wants present pitty, women take

Flo. I haue seene a King ere now, (it

And by your Diadem you shoule be one:

Pray, rather let me dye then trouble you.

Qu. Tis perfecte charitie to helpe the poore:

Yet by these Jewels, you shoule bear a place,

If not amonst the Royall, with the Noble.

Flo. Indeede I am byt a poore Gentlewoman,

Punisht for wearing Jewels in a storme:

But I haue lost a husband whom I lou'd,

For marrying whom, I haue endur'd this croſſe;

And now his friends, if they shoule finde me out,

Would finiſh what the storme has left vndone.

Queene. His name?

Flo. Twas Infortunio, as mine is,

With the alteration of a letter onely.

Quee. Good Infortunio goe along with me,

Ile finde ſome helpe for thiſ thy miſery.

Flo. May the Sea neuer vſe you of thiſ fashion;

I take your courtesie, and will attend.

Exeunt Queene and Floramell.

F. K. Young, fayre, and louely, is ſhe not Poyters?

Poyt. She is a comely, and a sweete Genlewoman.

F. King. In my opinion ſhee's the fayrefte creature

Nature ere made.

Poyt. In loue my gracious Liege? (strange.

F. K. What and my Queen aliue, that would ſeeue

Poyt. Loue diſe; regard no person, nor the time.

F. King. Loue is a power will ouer-rule a King.

Poyt. Finding her honest, though of meane estate,

You may doe well to rayfe poore vertue vp,

And marry her to ſome great Noblenian.

F. K. Ile thinke of that hereafter: now, the newes?

Enter Queene.

Qu. The Emperour and the Electors are arriu'd.

E

Enter

The Palsgrave.

Enter Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.

Eust. Health to the Maestie and Seate of France.

F. King. As welcome hither is your Mightinesse,
As if you were arriu'd in Germany.

Bast. I thanke King John.

F. King. Saxon, with Mentz, and Trier.

Saxon. We rest your louing friend for Warre
Trier. For Counsell.

F. King. And Counsell is as great a friend as War.
Menz. It hath preuaile as much.

Queene. Thrice welcome all.

Bast. The storme has kept vs ouerlong at Sea:
But Mighty King of France, worse stormes then these
Haue and will shake vs, if you helpe vs not:
All things goe Backwards, that shoulde bode vs good;
And he that is Conqueror already,
The haughty *palsgrave*, is to England sayld,
To ioyne with *Edward* in our ouerthrow.

F. Ki. We haue felt the valour of the English King,
And of his sonne, the *Blake Prince* now deceased:
Witnes *Poitiers* and *Cressey*, where our blood
Royall, although it be sau'd to make clay
Moyst with the showers, and temper the dry earth:
When I and all my sonnes were prisoners tane,
And had to England to be wondred at:
Ransom'd although I was, it grieues me much
I cannot doe the like vnto my foe.

Sa. Let your French Souldiers ioyne themselues with
Aud weele inuade his Kingdome. (ours,

Bast. And constraine him & the *Palsgrave* to the like
Me. Fortune was never stedfast vnto any. (disgrace.
But like the Ocean that bounds in the Land,
Both ebbs and flowes according to the Moone.

Que. But if I might aduise your Maestie,
By former losses you shoulde be more wise,
Then hazzard France againe to the like spoyle:

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The Palsgrave.

Edward is fortunate in all his warres;
And wise men will not striue against the stremes:
Therefore be circumspect, and keepe your owne.
F. K. This theame our counsel shal at large discusse,
Till when, to England weeke Ambassage send,
To aduise King *Edward* not to be our foe,
Lest it offend vs, that are friends to both:
If the Douse speede not, weeke the Serpent proue.

Sax. And winne by craft, what may not be by loue.
Who shall haue that imployment? (and turbulent.)

Bast. Not your Honor, because your spirit is rough

F. K. No, if I might intreat these reuerend Bishops,
By them I would direct this Embassie:
Since it concernes them, it behoues they stirre,
Who know the sweetes, will cause no warre.

Trier. Weele vndertake it, if the Emperour please.

Bast. When I send thither, it shall be in thunder:

Yet as the French King orders it proceede. (base,

F. K. You know your charge, be milde, but yet not
Though we giue ground, we will not lose our place.

Manet Saxon.

Exeunt.

Saxon. Euen now a bold conceit hath entered me,
And that's to visit England in disguise:
As well to further our conipiracie
Against the *Palsgrave* and King *Edwards* life,
As to surueigh the Countrey, and obserue
What Hauens best to entertaine a Fleete:
The English Nation with my soule I hate,
And would doe any thing to winne the State. *Exit.*

*Enter Edward, Clynton, olde Fytzwaters, the
Palsgrave, Cullen, and others.*

King. Not possible my Lords to finde those men?
Are they so wily to deceiue vs all?
Sure they are harbourred by some neere about,
That does affect the English Diadem: (Cowne)
He's worse then mad woud ayme at Englands

The Palgrave.

Though the Blacke Prince be dead, so many sonnes
I haue left to gouerne, which marres their rule.
Edward himselfe has left a hopefull heyre,
The Princeely Richard to inherit it.
plots yet, tricks yet, well we must hope the best.

Pal. I rather thinke the ill was aynd at me,
Because I came to mooue your Maestie
For the deposing of the Emperour :
And it is knowne the Bastard is my foe,
Witnesse the Warres in Germany and Spayne :
Treason by him is euermore in act,
His brayne coynes faster then the English Mynt ;
Tretcherous proceedings, gold has many friends :
And he must be a man of excellent vertue
Whom it corrupts not. Howsoere, I am sorry
The Sailors did escape.

Clym. Here are their esates. 2. *Sailors campes Stufts.*
Vnder the which I thinke were better cloathes,
And for their Steedes, thought could not be more
Or we had tooke them. (quicke,

O. Fitz. They were swift indeed.
King. As swiftly with their flight vanish our feates,
And now most Noble *Palgrave* of the Rheine,
Thinke your selfe welcome to the English Court :
And reuerend *Cullen.*

Cullen. I doe thanke your Grace.
King. Your Father lou'd me well, and for his sake,
As well as for your owne, Ile honour you :
And after feasting we will try your force
In friendly manner at a Tournament,
Which as I thinke, you haue preprd my Lords.

O. F. We haue my Liege, & the most youthful blooe
That the Court yeelds will shew their Chiualdry,
In honour of Bavaria's Royall Duke.

Pal. Let him sit fast that shall contend with me,
Or I shall shake him, be he neare so Royall :

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The Palsgrauē.

I shew no fauour when I am in Armes,
Nor looke for any from my Opposites.
But Turnaments are reuels made for sport,
And hee runnes well, that gets a good report. . . (you.)

King. Weele trie your valour, & perchance run with
Leade on. Exeunt.

Enter the Earle of Artoise.

Artoise. The discontented English like to mee,
Hates all delight, I and the Court it selfe :
To lead a priuate life, where they may plot
Reuenge on thoſe that are theyr opposites.
Not many yeares past, who but I esteem'd,
King Edward has vpon my ſhoulder leand,
And thankt mee in mine eare many a time,
For making France his, I betraide Dolys,
My loueraigne King, in England to get gracie :
And now I lookte to be a Duke at leaſt :
Artoise is ſleighted as a thing forgot,
But I haue ſent my Attendant to the Court,
And if he ſpeed not, I ſhall proue as false
Edward to thee, as to my Natiue French.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The King is not at Ieyſure
To listen to your ſute ; All his thoughts now
Are taken vp to giue the Palsgrauē grace,
Who is come to Court, and meanes to Turney there

Art. Treafon run with them, or ſom dāgerous plot,
Take life and being to deſtroy theyn both ;
Muſt my affaires giue place vnto a Palsgrauē ?
T'was I that quartered with the English Lyons,
The Armes of France, in opening Edwards Title,
Which but for mee had in obliuion ſlept,
Then I was as the Palsgrauē in his brest,
My ſight his foode, my ſaying, his harts refet.
Who's that, that knocks look forth, & bring vs word ?

Serv. A couple of Gentlemen would ſpeak with you.

The Palsgrauē.

Artoise. Let them com in, were they a pair of mischiels,
They are welcome now. For I haue thoughts like Hell,
Blacke and confusde.

Enter Vandome and Mendorze.

Seru. These are the Gentlemen.

Vandome. Our busines is to you most noble *Artoise*,
The *Emperour* does salute you in this Letter,
And prayes you by the Honour of an *Earle*,
You faile not to conioyne your ayde with ours,
About some plot against his Enemies. (plot.)

Artoise. The Letter speaks the words, but names no
Mendo. Tis not deuised as yet, but ere long great *Cesar*
Will set it downe, and send it to vs all.
Now as his Mightiness desires is this,
That you giue shelter to vs while wee stay
For his Affaires in *England*, and your pension
Which euery yeare you haue receiuēd from him,
Shall from henceforth be doubled with his loue.

Artoise. *Cesar* is gracious, and has my harte:
But were not you the Seruants that attended
On the last *Emperour* that was made away,
And helpt to send him to a timeless graue?

Vandome. We were my Lord.

Artoise. Let me embrace you in mine armes for that.

Mendo. But that ill speed followed our hopes to day,
We had giuen a period to King *Edwards* life,
And to the *Palsgraves*.

Vandome. We attempted it.
Habited like Saylers, but our pistolls failde,
And after long purſuite, our Roabes throwne off,
We escaptē with life.

Mendorze. And come to liue with you.

Artoise. Liue here as ſafe as in a Fort of brasse:
Such men I wifht for to affi t my ſpleene,
Vnto one marke all our affections tend.

And

The Palsgrave.

And they both dye if that the Emperour send.

Exeunt.

The Trumpets sound within as at a Tournament:

A great sonote.

Enterold Fyzwates and Clynton.

O. Fyz. Did you e're see a better Tournament,
Or brauer Runners then this day appear'd
In the Tilt-yard?

Clyn. The best that ere I saw,
What a braue Horse the Palsgrave did vpon,
And with what courage, nimblenesse, and strength,
Did he vnhorse his valiant opposites?
Speares flew in splinters, halfe the way to heauen,
And none that ranne against him, kept his saddle,
Except the King, and he demeand him well:
It ioyes my soule, that he has yet in store
Such manly vigor; and the peoples hearts
Were not a little glad.

O. Fyz. Here they come all.

Enter King Edward, Palsgrave, Cullen, and others.

King. I feare you are ouer-wearied with our sports,
To speake the truth, I feele them troublesome,
Whether it be by discontinuance or age, I know not,
But my breath growes short.

Palf. What Oke is euer strong? age makes lones tree,
The fayrest King, and Emperour of the wood,
To bend it selfe, and bow his lofty armes
Downewards vnto the earth that fostred it.
No Cedar growes straight till his latest day:
As there's a weaknesse in their springing vp,
So is there in their declination.
The middle age the lusty does expresse,
And there flowes vigor, like a sea of strength;
Able to beare downe what doth stand the stremme:
Such is mine now; but as my yeers doe flow,
Like Okes and Cedars they must straight bow low.

King. Sit

The Palfgrave.

King. Sit by our side, and weare a Cesars wreath.

A Wreath of Laurell.

Palsgr. Victoriouſ Edward keepe it as your right,
And let it mingle with your Royall Croone,
That haue deseru'd it in a field of warre,
Not as tis mine, giuen for a Turnament.

King. It is our gifte; and you shall weare it still,
Bring forth the other honour wee intend
Vnto this thrice renowned Gentleman.

Enter an Herald, with a faire Cuffion, and
the Garter appon it.

Herald. My gratiouſ Liege here is the Garter ready.

King. Which to the Palfgrave we comand you beare,
Garter, and Herald heere presents your Honour
With the Order of the Garter, whence he takes
His Office and his Name, by our Decree:
This is a fauour which no Forraine Prince
Euer enjoyd yet, but the time may come
Whien Kings in ſeeking it may be instald,
It was my Institution, and is worne
By none but the moſt Noble, and thoſe fewe
Hereafter I will tell your Excellence
The Motto why the Order was deuifd:
Meane time his hand ſhall clasp it to your Legge,
For tis a cuſtome which you muſt not breake.

Palsgr. Your Highneſhonours mee exceedingly.

King. You are now my Fellow-Knight, and you muſt
To fight for Ladies, & their Fames preſerue. (I care,
But thē we leauē to Deputation,
It ſhall ſuffice now, ſay on, paſſe your word.
My Word and Oath, ſo please your Maieſtie,
The Motto, as I red it was in French,
Homy ſoit qui mal y pense:
Ill be his meede makes goodneſſe an offence:
Or, Euill bee to him that euill thinkes.

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The Palsgrave.

I haue learnt the fense, the Order I will keepe
Inuiolate by Hand and by my Sword;
And hope in time it shall at famous prooue,
As that of *Malta* or *Jerusalem*.

Clinton. The Bishops, *Mentz*, & *Trier*, sent frō France,
By the French King desire to be admitted.
With them associate comes the bold *Poitiers*,
But as I thinke hee's no Embassadour.

King. Giue them admittance.
We could not wish for a more braue assemblie,
Then at this instant to giue Audience.

Enter *Mentz* and *Trier*, and Saxon disguised
like a Frenchman.

Mentz. Because the matter does concerne our selues
Most mighty King of England, we haue taken
This Embassie in hand, not sent by *Cesar*,
But from your Neighbour, the great King of France:
Who by vs first intreates, after enioynes
You take good heede how you the *Palsgrave* aide,
For that he sayes, and will maintaine asmuch,
It were vniusl now *Cesar* to depose,
Who by his valour, if all Titles faile,
Merits the honour of an *Emperour*.

Trier. And that he is peerlesse for his minde,
And haughty resolution through the world,
That none so well as hee deserues the stile,
And being inuested in the dignitie,
Twere a dishonour great and Capitall,
Now to constraine him to a lower place:
Which if you seeke, heele shidle from such disgrace.

King. Has France forgot our former victories,
That his Commission is so peremptorie?
Or is it but the Stratageme of *Cesar*,
To blinde vs with the Name of the French King?
And Iohn of France be ignorant of this,

The Palsgrave.

Before we answere your prowde Embassie,
Weel send Embassadours to know the truth:
And if we be deceiu'd by a tricke,
Cesar shall know he has dislionourd vs.

Saxon. I am a Frenchman, and a Peere of France,
My name *Poytiers*, but no Ambassadour.

Yet by the Honouris that my sword hath wonne,
King *John c f France* deliuerted what they spake.

King. Being no Embassadour, why came you hither
To be a Spye, and to furueigh my Land?

Saxon A Spye, one of my blood without disguise,
Being the first Revealer of my selfe.
How can this hold King *Edward* to be true?
I vse no Intelligence but with my sword:
Not seeke for other cornys then deepe wounds,
So if I come by any great mans hart

In honourable difference I furueigh it. (come?)

Palsgrave. At whose hart aime you now, that you are
To justifie an Embassage aginst mee?

Saxon. I say who weares the *Germaine Diadem*
Deserues it better then the best that's here;
Or any whom the *English King*, or thou
For priuate reasons wouldest preferre to weare it,
And that it is not honour prompts you to it;
But secret pride, to haue a person gouerne,
Which *Palsgrave*, thou mightst rule ambitiously.

Palsgr. Thou fowl-mouth'd sladerer eat thy proud
Wherwith thou hast asperst me; or my furie (words vp.)
Shall make thee curse this bold-fac'te impudence.

Saxon. Come, Come, you cannot doe it.

Palsgrave. Cannot. (shooke.)

Saxon. Nor dare Ile stand the furie of thy prowdest
Not fearing danger in so sleight a Foe:
Should I put off these *Masks*, my wounds would fright,
And these wide mouthes which I haue got in warre
Not halfe heald vp, pronounce it in thy blood,

Thou

The Palsgraine.

Thou art too weake to enter Armes with mee. (wrath,
Palsgraine. Since mildnesse cannot temper your stern
But that your splene must vomit vpon mee.

Ile teach you Syr to haue your tongue lockt vp.

By taking off your locke. (Pulls off his locke.
Saxon. My haire torne off. (They part them.

Palsgr. Who haue we here? This is the hauty *Saxon*.

Saxon. Grant me the cobat *Edward*, of this *Palsgraine*.

King. He is a prince himselfe, & knowes his power.

Palsgraine. Now by the honour of my Fathers house,

Saxon Ile meete thee in the Realme of *France*,

In the Kings Court, or place where thou wert borne,

So I may haue good Hostage, and faire play.

Saxon. Now by my gage thou shalt. (His glasse.

Palsgr. This shall suffice.

I haue your locke to mee a better pledge.

Saxo. I would I had thy head to counteruayle it.

A whyrl-winde be thy guide, and a rough Sea

Plague thee before thou comst for my haires losse,

Hel & som Diuell was author of this crosse. *Exit Saxon*.

King. You haue payd him soundly and deseruedly.

But now to answe you in briese, tis thus,

The *Palsgraine* and our selfe will see the King

With expedition, where (if hee make good

The proud Injunction you haue chargde vs with,

We will lay wast his Countrey, and once more

Put *France* in hazard of a sound losse.

Palsgraine. This *Saxons* braue, giues courage to vs all,

But Ile requite it with a *Germane* braule.

Enter Saxon, Artoise, Vandome, and Mendoza

Trier, and Cullen.

Sax. You are the cause next to disgrace the *Palsgraine*
For which I came. The *Emperour* greetes you well,
And wold haue noble *Artoise* lend his hand,
Both to cut off *Banaria* and the King.

The Palsgrauē.

Artoise. Where?

Menz. Here in England.

Trier. Or what place you will.

Vandome. France is the faſer for the Stratagem.

Mendoza. And Edward is determined to ſaile thither.

Saxon. In Fraunce then giue it birth.

Where if it faile Ile be the *Palsgraves* death. *Exeunt.*

Enter French King solus.

F. King. The care of Kingdomes is a weighty charge
So is the care of children. But Loues care
Exceeds them all: That dryes the blood of life
More then the Feauer, though they burne like Fire:
And to submit it to the law of reason,
Makes reason follie, and diſcourse a Foole.
Then irrefiſtable all ruling power
Reuell in young mens hearts, and leaue the olde,
Or meddle with inferiours, not with Kings;
We ſhould be priuiledged, because moft high,
But what's a King vnto a Deitie?

Enter Floramell, with a Napkin, and a cup of Wine.

Floramell. Your Maiestie call'd for a cup of wine.

F. King. I did faire creature, & I thank your paines.
But when I view the colour of your lippe,
And looke on this, the wine me thinks lookeſ pale:
You haue a better luster in your eye,
Then any ſparkle that can riſe from hence:
The ſiluer whiteneſſe that adorneſ thy necke,
Sullyeſ the plate, and makes the Napkin blacke.
Thy looking well, makes all things elſe looke foulē,
Being ſo faire in bodie, what's thy ſoule?

Floram. My ſoule and body are the gift of heauē,
And I will vſe them to my Makers praise;
If other ſeruice (great King) you require,
I am ready, attend your hearts desire. *(utterd*

F. King. I think ſweet creature, what thy tongue has
Is diſtant many paces from thy heart.

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The Palsgrane.

My hearts desire, tis not in bending low,
After the affious custome of a Court:
Nor lyes it in the vse of common things,
To bring and take away; my hearts desire
Is to enjoy thee in another sort,
Which if thou yeeld vnto, thou shalt be great,
Greatest in France, next, nay before my Queene:
For Ile finde meanes to to take away her life,
So I may haue thee as a second wife.

Flora. The *Saint* of France forbiddit, & all powers,
That haue continued both so long together
In sacred rites of Mariage, heauen deny
I shoulde Authour of her Tragedy:
Or give content where murther is oppof'd.
If I shoulde yeeld, and your Queene made away,
Might you not vse me so another day?
Tis fearefull building vpon any sinne,
One mischiefe entred, brings another in:
The fecond pulls a third, the third drawes more,
And they for all the rest set ope the dore:
Till custome take away the iudging fence,
That to offend we thinke it no offence.
Wherefore my Lord, kill mischiefe while tis small,
So by degress you may destroy it all.

F. King. Diuine is thy discourse, like to thy beauty.

Flo. Doe not Idolatrise, beauties a flowre,
Which springs and withers almost in an houre:
Sicknesse impayres it, but death kills it quite,
It vades as fast as shadowes in the night.
Why should your Grace call it Diuinitie?
There's naught diuine, but that which cannot dye.
Leaft I offend by staying here too long,
Ile take my leaue, and so curbe in my tongue.

F. King. Speake still, Ile heare thee.

Flor. To our Sex tis bard, (*Exit Floramell.*)
We shoulde be twice scene, ere we be once heard.

The Palsgrauie.

F. K. She'll never yeeld! why do I woo her then?
Because I cannot bridle my desires,
Nor sleepe, nor eate, but as I dreame of her;
Shee's to me as my *Genus*, or my soule;
And more then they, because she gouernes them.
Some way Ile take, my freedome to recouer:
That there's no physick made to cure a Louer!

Enter the French *Queene*.

Queene. My Lord.

F. King. My Loue.

Queene. Yes.

F. King. Infortuna.

Queene. How! Infortuna?

F. K. I mistooke thy name:

Yet now I thinke on't, I had busie thoughts
How I might raise that Virgin to some Honour,
And match her with some worthy Peere of France.

Qu. Your selfe my Lord in some Adulterate kinde.

F. K. Nay then you wrong me, I meant vertuously;
Beleeue me Sweet I did, I loue thee so,
No euill thought should make me wrong thy bed,
By this it shall not, this, and this, my Loue. *Kisses her.*

Queene. You flatter me.

F. K. I loue thee as I should:
What, we haue liu'd together twenty yeeres,
And never wrong'd each other, should I now
Be the first cauler of the marriage breach?
Banish such thoughts, let all mistrust begon.
If she grow iealous, I am twice vndone. *Exit. F. King.*

Qu. Ile haue about with her, to finde out all,
Within there. *Enter Floramell.*

Flo. Madame.

Queene. What Medea was't,
Of whom you learnt the Art of Soreery,
To inchaunt a King, and draw him to your bed?

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The Palsgraue.

Thinke you, because you are my Mayd of Honour,
Ile honour you so farre, to haue my Lord,
Thou shamelesse Callet? tis ingratitude,
Into my Husbands heart so to intrude.
I could haue helpt thee to a wealthy choyce,
Had you spar'd mine; but now it cannot be,
For I must hate thee for thy tretchery.

Flo. I am accus'd, that ought to be excus'd,
And blam'd-as one vnchaste, for being chaste.
I Inchaunt the King, and vse Medeas Art?
Witch-craft I haue alwaies hated with my heart:
And except Modestie a *Circe* be,
I know no other kinde of Sorcery.
Your Highnesse sent me with a Cup of Wine
Vnto the King, the occasion of his wooing;
Was it my fault to doe your Highnesse will?
Judge gracious Maiestie but as you ought,
And doe not blame me for a Virgins tryall:
His loue was answered with a strong denyall;
And so deny'd for euer shall he be,
That seekes by such meanes to dishonour me.
Before I wrong a *Queene* so truely kinde,
Ile marre my face, and make my sad eyes blinde.

Queene. In. Exit Floramell.

Weele consider farther of your teare:::
Ile haue her watcht, if she prooues false, she dyes;
But if continue constant to the end,
Neuer had Lady a more Royall friend. Exit.

Enter young Fitzwaters aloft.

T. Fytz. Since I was cast vpon this fatall Rocke,
And saw my Loue dispeured by the waues,
And my kinde Steward in the Ocean drownd,
Here I haue liu'd, fed onely with raw Fish,
Such as the Sea yeelds: and each Shippe I see,
(As dayly there are some furrow this way)
I call vnto for ayde, but nere the neere.

Once

The Palsgrave.

Once ask't me, What I was ? I answer'd him,
An Englishman. Quoth he, Stay there and starue.
To the next that past, I sayd I was a French-borne.
Il ne ayde no French quoth he. Vnto a third,
That I a Spaniard was. He bad me hang:
So that I know not what I ought to say ,
Nor whom to speake to : but in happy time ,
From this high Rocke, I see a tall Shippe come ,
Furnisht with all his Sayles ; and as it ploughes
The Ocean vp, it rayfes hills of snow ,
That ly on both sides as they did giue way ,
To make a valley for the Shippe to passe :
Their Captaine as I thinke lookes vpon me ,
And has tooke notice of my wauing hand .
Now the Ship turnes arid this way ploughes amaine ,
As if it meant to runne it selfe aground :
In happy time , now I shall be reliu'd ,

Enter Saxon, Artoise, Mentz, Vandome, and Mendoza.

Saxon. T was heere abouts the Gallant beckned me ,
He seemes a person of some eminence ,
By the glittering of his Suite against the Sunne ,
Cast Anker here, and let vs question him .

Men. Yonder he stands , mounted vpon the rocke .
Sax. The very same . What art thou , what's thy name ?
Thy place of birth , fortune , and parentage ,
That thou art left vpon this desolate shone ?
And what requirest thou stranger at our hands ?

T. Eytz. As you are men , and therfore may be crost ,
Be fauourable to a wretched man :
Kaow , that the Sea has cast me on this place ,
Where I haue led a discontented life ,
Ere since the last storme , and no passenger
Has taken pitty to remoue me hence .
Though food I want not , cause the sea yeelds fish ,

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The Palsgraue.

I would be shiffted to a better place.

My name's *Fitzwaters*, by my byrth a Lord :

My naturall residence in England was,

Some of your company I haue bseen seene ;

Set me aland where dwel inhabitants,

And thankfully I will requite your loue.

Artois. Tis young *Fitzwaters*, pray sir take him in.

Sax. You know my hatred to all Englishmen,
Since my disgrace, and shall I pitty him ?

Mend. But he's descended of a Noble house.

Sax. The more should I reioyce to see him dye.

Trier. Has valour.

Sax. Let him vse it on the Rocks.

Mend. But euery enemy beares not your minde,
Some haue beene fauourable to their foes.

Mend. And tis an honour in an enemy
To sauve where he may kill.

T. Fytz. Your answere there ?

Sax. You speake as you'd compell it.

T. Fytz. In the honourable entercourse of men
I shold doe so, and were you in my case,
You would inforce your owne necessitie.

Sax. What wold this Stranger be in prosperous state,
That beares so high a minde in his distresse ?

T. Fytz. I would be as thou art, proud of nothing.

Sax. Is a Shippe nothing ?

T. Fytz. As it ankers here

It beares a goodly shoo v; but laucht againe,
And a storme rise, it my be cast aland
As I haue beene : my worse, it may my be suake,
And then what is't, but a fayre something, nothing ?
What is, and now is not ; mans life, or a dreame,
Now swymming, and then swallowed in the stremme.

Sax. His words are piercing, some go take him in :
Come downe, and be received into our Boate.

Art. That shall be my charge. *Exit Artoise.*

G

Sax. Could

The Palsgrave.

Sax. Could wee draw this spirit
Into our plot, hee'd helpe to manage it
Vnto the life, and I shoulde take it better
Then yet I doe.

Fand. Perswasion may corrupt.

Ment. But be adui'd how you perswade him to it.

Trier. And take his Oath at first for sacrifice.

Fand. We are no puny Polititians,
To be instructed in the rules of euill :
Here comes Fitzwaters.

Enter young Fytzwaters

and Artoise.

Sax. Your hand.

T. Fytz. And sworde, but that the Sea deuour'd it.

Sax. Know sir, we haue busynesse of import in hand,
Wherein our purpose is to craue your ayde,
And as we sayle to France weele open it.

T. Fytz. I am yours in all things that are honourable.

Sax. Honourable or not, you shall do what we list.
Launch foorth into the deepe. Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, Palsgrave, old Fytzwaters,
Clynton and Cullen, Drummes, Colours,
and Souldiers.

King. We did not thinke to haue footed the French
A second time in such Hostilitie ; (ground)
But when the conqueror i beares so proud a head,
Tis fit we make hi a stoepe : yet leaft the King
Be not himselfe, or be abus'd by any,
My Lord of Cullen, we intreat your paynes
To enquire it out by our Ambassadour,
As Monte and Trier his : lay that our force
May git spoyle his countey, and make waste his land ;
But that with French blood we haue surteced,
And therefore care not greatly to shew more.
Say, We will meete him at an enterview,
There to discoufe our grites before we fight,

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The Palsgrauē.

Where if he haue wrongd me, he shall doe me right.

Cullen. I shall delete your Highnesse Embassie.

Palf. But say from me my sword ne're drunke French
And therefore it is thirsie for their loues:
That ere I leue the Continent of France,
Without good satisfaction from the King,
None of his Caualieres shal were a locke,
He haue them all cut off, and euery yeere
Be payd in such a tribute for my wrongs.
As for proud Saxon, Say my werd is kept,
And bid him warily respect his owne:
The French Kings Palace shall not saue his life,
Nor the best rampierd Bulwarkē in the Land,
Except he answere me as fits a Peece.

Cul. But to the Emperour, what's your will to him?

Palf. That as he run from Spayne, he shall run hence,
Or I shall make him a poore Emperour.
His Bastard brauery tell him must goe downe,
And the legitimate weare Cæsars Crowne.

King. Fayle not to vtter every fillable,
Both of the *Palsgrauēs* sending and our owne.

Cul. I shall deluer both.

Palf. Tak't how they please,
If they fly hence, weeke follow through the Seas.

Cullen. I goe. *Exit Cullen.*

King. High is this Embassie, like to your valour,
Which I admire, and loue ardently;
That I could wish your presence all my dayes,
And thinkē your company to me more sweete
Then mine owne Kingdome, or my Crowne besides.

Palf. Your loue and Royall preience I desire.

K. Clynton, and bold *Fitzwater*, be it your charge,
Provided well of our best Ships and Souldiers,
To fayle to *Germanie*, and free our friends,
Kept as we haire there with a slender guard,
In a weake Castle.

The Palsgrae.

Old Fitz. Which weeble soone beate downe.

Palsgr. And bring them hither.

Clinton. Or retorne no more. (campe

King. March fowards to the place where weel en-

Exeunt.

Enter *Fitz-waters, Artoise, Vandome,*
and *Mendoza.*

Vand. What shoulde the reason be of this dissencion
And why is young *Fitz-waters* foward thus?

Artoise. His arguments are strong and foreible.

Mendoza. Single vs hither to the forrest side,
Vnder pretense to plot more privately,
And now not onely to mislike our drifts,
But call vs punies, and vnskilfull men,
It shewes a spleenefull hatred to vs all.

T. Fitz. Not vnto all, but only to you two:
Why shoulde the Earle and I borne a Lords sonne,
Ioine with a paire of base companions,
In such a waighty cause as a Kings death:
I know youle say you haue beene physitians,
Sailor, and Soldiers, and in such disguise,
Done some exploit that haue deserued respect,
I graunt as much, but yet your birthes are meane,
No gentry in your bloold was euer knowne
By naturall Heraldry, your low discents
Disables vs, and we must seeke to rise,
With otheris of our owne condition. *(deed*

Men. Come *Vandome*, of our selues weeble do the
T. Fitz. That were the inger fling of the fame from vs
And so you would haue all the thankes your selues:
Neither commixt with vs, nor yet alone,
Shal it be a fted, but as we are the best
In brith, and ablity to doe it,
Weele haue the priuledge of doing it.

Vandome. And we shoulde give it ouer.

T. Fitz. To your betters.

Or

The Palsgraue.

Or hauing fit place, Artoise and my selfe,
Will kill you first, then cast you in the Riuier.

Artoise. Hee speakes what wee intend.

Mendozze. Intend your worse?

Cesar has promisde him the Palsgraves place,
And I shall be the Marquesse Brandenburgh:
Thinke you such Titles shalbe lost by feare.
Our valour has bene tryde with worthy men,
And ere we loose the glorie of the Act,
Vandome and I doe meane to vsle you so.

Y.Fyth. Theyle nere be honest.

Vandome. Come Syr, are you ready? (brave vs)

Artoise. Most resolute villains, how they would out.

Y.Fyth. But noble Artoise, now the fire is giuen
The Cannon must goe off.

Artoise. Vnto theyr deaths.

Fight. Y.Fyth and Artoise kill Vandome, and Mendozza.
So they are dead, and now the Fame remaines
Onely to vs, that will accomplish it.

Y.Fyth. Onely to mee, that will performt alone.
Thinkes Artoise those were slaine cause they are base?
Or that I wrought you to assist my plot,
Because you are of the Nobilitie?

No, I haue still this Maxime in my thoughts,
That a Competitor, though nere so Noble,
Takes away halfe the fame in every thing.
I could haue open'd this vnto you all,
But that I thought my selfe too weake for thre :
And therfore prouidently vsde thy strength,
To kyl them first, that I might slay thee after.
Now they are dead, thy life must follow theirs,
And se I share the honerut to my selfe :
I will be Palsgrane, Marquesse Brandenburgh,
And the Bohemian King in mee alone,
Cesar shall write himselfe three Friends in one.

The Palsgrave.

Artoise. I doe not think thou meanst to be a traitor.
T.Fitz. Now you come neer me, but that secrets mine,
And seeking it you must digge through my heart,
Or it will nere be found, it lies so close.

Art. He know it, or a reasoun in your blood.

T.Fitz. Wilt thou turne honest?

Artoise. Doe not torture mee,
With repetiton of that Beggars name :
Whome none but Idiots, Innocents, or blockes
Will entertaine.

T.Fitz. I would change your minde
From this erronious and ill boding thought,
Because of late you freed me from the rocke,
But if it be so hurtfull to your sight
Be your own death, he not reueale my minde.

Art. If that I cannot force it with my sworde,
He let it alone.

Fight, and kills Artoise.

So lye together, three a paire Royall makes,
And heresa paire Royall of excellent Villaines ;
These haue slaine princes by thair owne confession,
These made a Nation swimme in her owne blodd,
The stremme is turnde with you, tis now high flood:
But I must cast you all into the Riuier,
Yea, swords and all, to cleare mee from suspect ;
Suspect by whome this place yeelds no such eye,
Tis well the woldes rid of their villanie. *Exit.*

Enter severally, the French king and Floramell.

Floram. His Highnes here, then Floramell glue back.

F.King. Tis shee, a word, theres no retiring hence,
In vaine you striue, my force opposide against yours,
Will easilly subdue your womans strength,
But theres a power included in your eye
That conquers Kings, subdues a Deitie.
And he that had the strength to rule those graces,
Might nere be caught, yet view the brightest faces :

One

The Palsgrauē.

One kisse, and Ile no more importune you.

Floram. On that condition, I will graunt you one.

F. King. But you must giue it mee.

Floram. Diana forbid, that were immodestie.

F. King. It must be so.

Floram. Vpon your Kingly Oath,
Neuer hereafter to renew your lute.

F. King. Now by my crowne I sweare.

Floram. Take it.

F. King. Tis done:

And with this kisse, a second Fire begun,
More ardent are my thoughts now then before:
I lou'd thee well, but now I loue thee more.
Thou shalt not leaue me, but for euer dwell,
Where I abide, thy absence is my hell.

Floram. Thinke on your Oath. (doe winke.

F. King. At Louers perjurie, the Gods themselues

Flo. A King say so, par am me sir, your wille not obey.
But your oth broken, mainely run away. *Exit Floram.*

Enter the Queene, having heard their conference. (me
Qu. So, so, so: This is the affection that you beare to
Thinkes the French King Ile not reuenge this wrong?
As I am Queene of France, Ile make her know,
What tis to be coiriuall in my Loue:
Shee dyes by Heauen.

F. King. If thou but spoyle ahaire,
Or shed one drop of her celestiall blood
For any courtesie I haue offered her,
My wrath shall: as a furie haunt the deed.
And Ile torment thee for such cructie,
Worse then the damned in the world below.
I see doome threaten, but I doe it straight,
Her death thy Hell, looke too't, tis a shrewd fate.

Exit King.

Queene. Hee euer yet was soueraigne of his word,
What shall I doe, brooke this coiriuallship?

The Palsgrave.

No, since I cannot in the Realme of France,
Haue the reuenge my longing heart desires,
Elsewhere Ile seeke it, I of late beheld
An English Lord in fauour at the Court,
His Name Fitzwaters, and I loue him well:
By his procurement I will lay a plot,
To yeeld King John vnto his enemies,
So to obtaine my purpose, if it take
How euer Fooles may thinke to project ill,
It likes mee well, because I haue my will.

Exit.

Enter a Frenchman and an Englishman.

Frenchman. What are you?

English: An Englishman & a traueller; what are you?

French: A Frenchman, and no traueller.

English: Then giue way; For I am the better man.

French: The better man?

English: I, the better man, by the perambulation
of 2 or 3 thousand miles, I haue seene the great Turke
borrow Money, and never minde the repayment owt.

French: Peuh, is that all? we haue a number of great
Christians that will doe so, and when a man comes to
demaund his owne somewhat boldly, hee shalbe com-
mitted to prison, or made a Foole, to stand wayting at
the foredore where the Coach stands, whiles the Lord
steales out at the backe-dore by water.

English: Is't possible?

French: That our Tradesmen can tell, to their great
hindrance, & I my selfe know this, that being in pouer-
tie, a Lord calld me by my name thrice, but hee would
not rememb'ret it once, when hee came to his Lands.

Englishman. The reason is, least thou shouldest begge
some of his New-living.

French: Nay rather for feare of payng the old score.

English: Sure thou art some Noblemans bastard, thou
canst tell their tricks so right.

And

The Palfraue.

French. And by some great woman: For I can tell you their trickes too.

English. As how?

French. Your only fine Lady is wanconnesse, & new Fashions, your Cittizens wife gallops after. But shee is not so well boiste to evertake her.

English. Now wee are in the discourse of women, What Countrey-women doest thou loue best?

French. I loue none.

English. I loue all, and to kisse them after the fashion of all Nations.

Frenchman. Why I pray sir, doe not all Nations kisse alike?

English. You are no Traueller, and therfore Ile beare with your ignorance: but know this, your Spanyard, as hee is proude, hee kisstes prouldy, as if hee scornde the touch of a Ladies lippe; marry you Frenchmen draw it in, as if hee would swallow her aliue: Now the Italian has soone done with the vpper parts, to be tickling of the lower: and we Englisshmen can neuer take enough at both endes.

Frenchman. Is not your name Maister doe much?

English. It is, and yours(I thinke should be Monsieur) doe little.

Frenchman. Wee ere somewhat a kinne in the first part of our names, and I pray heartily let vs be better acquainted together.

English. You must doe as I doe then, and since we were both appointed, to wayte heere for the French Queenes comming, lets take her golde, and forswearre our selues.

French. Heere comes her Maiestie.

Enter the Queene.

Queene. Are you resolu'de to vndergoe this charge? Tis but an Oath, which I will guild with Crownes,

H and

The Palfraue.

And beare you out against the Law.

Frenchmⁿ: I can doe little beeing so animated, if I should not forswere my selfe, for so fayre a Queene.

Englishmⁿ: And Ile doe as much as your Maiestie will haue me doe.

Queene. Take this in earnest, and when tis done, you shall have more.

Frenchman. Wee will.

Englishman. And from this time forwards, let vs bee forsworne brothers.

Frenchmⁿ. Content. *Exeunt French. & English.*

Queene. Ile instruct you: Here comes Fuzwaters.

Enter Young Fytzwaters.

Y.Fytz. According to your Maiesties commaund, I come to know your pleasure for the Letter I shoulde deliuere to the *Englisⁿ* King, With that base strumpet that has Injur'd you.

Queene. There is the Letter, which I charge you beare vnto King Edward, and assure his Grace I will perorme what I haue promis'de in't, Ile send the strumpet to you instantly. *Exit Queene.*

Y. Fytz. I knowe not by what influence I am falne Into the affection of this potent Queene: But shee has sworne shee loues me as her soule: And to enjoy me in her amorous Bed, Would spend the reuenues of the Crowne of France Were it her owne: Ile temporize with her, To effect some plot vpon my Soueraignes foes, But shee shall know, Although shee loue me well, My hearts desires were drownd with Floramell.

Enter Floramell.

Floramell. By all descriptions this shoulde be the man, To whome I am directed by the Queene: But whome doe I beholde the young Fyzwaters?

Y Fytz. Tis she, Oh no, shees in the Ocean drownd,

No

The Pallgrave.

No; Shee escapt it seemes as well as I.
But I will take no acquaintance of my Loue,
Till shee has cleerd her from the Queenes suspect.

Floramell. It is not meete I take acquaintance first,
Nor will I till I know a iust cause why,
Of his Familiar dealings with the Queene,
Here is the key her Highnes promiz'd you.

T. Fytz. And you the prisoner to be fife lockt vp,
For your incontinence and wanton life.

Floramell. You doe me wrong, I hate incontinence,
Not did I euer loue a wanton life:
I am a desolate Ladie, shipwrackt here,
And had a Husband once, too like thy lookes,
But not of such a rude condition.
Oh were hee present, and should heare thee speake
Such boystrous termes against his honourd wife,
He would out of the vertue of his minde
Knowing my conuersation to be good,
Write this base slander in thy villaines blood.

T. Fytz. So confident, her innocence is great,
That can doe this sincetely without trickes :
But if you be the same that you would seeme,
How comes that your reputations growne,
Into such scandall, and your name the theame,
Of euery idle fellow in the Court?
That Groomes report, faire *Infortunate* is
The French Kings loue: Nay worse his concubine.
The voyce of men is held the voyce of God :
And where an euill is so farre proclaimde,
The generality approues the guilt,
And shes vnworthy to survive a minute,
To be the separation of two hearts,
Made one by Marriage.

Floramell. Kill me, kill me then.
Hauing my sentence, wherfore am I sparde?
Or doe you take delight to torture nice?

The Palsgraue.

Before you serue the Execution?
The Law requires no more but death for Lust.
The lingring is a note of Tyrannie.
It is sufficient that the wretch must die,
The sooner done, the lesser crueltie.
But if your conscience vrge you to forbearre,
I shall confute your worthlesse Arguments,
And tell you in the purenesse of my soule,
Report's a lyar, common talke a Foole.
Wayters & Groomes, light-headed like theyr plumes,
And those that doe attend in Princes Courtes,
Too actiue and quicke-witted to deprave
A Courting they proclaime for a consent,
A fauour for the deede, believe them not:
It is too common, this they hourelly doe,
And thinke none chaste, but her whom none did woe,

T. Fytz. But you did kisse the King.

Floramell. The Queene did see it,
Vrg'de by constraint, and Kingly violence.
Upon condition hee should woe no more:
And for that kisse I am esteemd a whore:
If you beleeue I am, I pray proceede,
I kist the King, doe you a murderous deede.

T. Fytz. Rise, rise, hereafter the discourse Ile tell,
Meantime Fytzwaters welcomes Floramell. (fession,
Floramell. So then I am honest by your owne con-
But ere I entertaine you as a Husband,
Ile be resolu'd what Loue has past betweene
The Queene and you, that you her Agent are,
In such a weighty cause as is my life. (thus?

T. Fytz. Runs the stream this way, is the wind turnd
Floramell. I must know all.

T. Fytz. In sight of Heauen I vowe
She is as chaste for any lust foymee,
As vnborne Infants, and I vse her loue,
But to aduance my soueraigae and his Realme,

The Palsgrave.

No other case by honour I protest,
In signe whereof I oppose an innocent breast
Against the sword : if you beleue not, kill,
But neuer man died for a lesser ill.

Floramel. I am satisfied, rise loue, and let vs goe,
Theres no true ioy without some taste of woe.

Exeunt.

*Enter French King, Bastard, Saxon, Tricer, and
Menz, Queene.*

F. King. Prosperity I thinke was borne in France,
Tis so obsequious vnto all our acts ;
And like a subiect waites vpon our will :
To morrow is this happy enterview,
In which Fitz-waters and the Earle of Artoye,
Haue promisde to surprise the English King,
And the ambitious Palsgrave.

Bastard. It it take,
We shall haue cause to praise our happynesse.

Saxon. Take, out of all surmise : and in my thoughts
It is as good already as perform'de.

Tricer. I thinke no lesse.

Menz. It is most probable.

F. K. Where is the Queen she promisde vs a maske ?

Queene. The Maske is ready.

F. K. Be louiall Cesar: mitrth began the night :
And we will end it with the like delight.

*Enter King Edward, the Palsgrave, and T. Fitz. Floramel,
Cullen, & diuers Lords in the Maske, they daunce there.*

F. King. We are beholding to you Gentlemen,
For this your Court-ship, pray discouer now.

E. King. We will, and make you all die prisoners.

F. K. King Edward heere?

Saxon. The Palsgrave.

Bastard. All our foes.

The Palsgrauē.

Mientz. Whose plot was this?

Trier. Or is it not a Dreame?

Palsgrauē. Tis such a Dreame youl neuer wakē from:
To talke of this strange admiration,
Which like the night houers on euery eye:
Know that I haue deluded you with hopes
Vaine, like those villaines, which my sword did kill,
And by a Letter to the King deliuēred,
Sent by your Queene, to be reueng'd for lust,
I causde his Maiestie to enter thus.

Queene. I receiued them in at the backe Gate.

King. Wherēs the Lady that has wrongd the *Queen*?

Fytew. Heere is my troth-plight wife,
Freer from that foale imputation,
Then is her Maiestie from icalousie.

King. Is shee then chaste?

French King. Ile answere for the Virgin,
By my good Fortunes once, now by my beard,
She is as nobly vertuous of a stranger,
As ere I knew, and though I sought her loue,
I nere obtaind it.

Queene. No, where is my witnesse?

King. Sonne, call them in.

Enter Frenchman, and Englishman druncke.

Palsgrauē. What can you sweare?

French. What must wee sweare?

English. Ile sweare that the Lady is a good Ladie,
The Queen a good Queen, & thers an end of swearing.

King. Is this all?

English. And more then you should get of mee, but
that the Queene gaue vs golde to say something: but
who haue we here sirrah?

French. Players, by this light players: Oh I loue a
play with all my heart.

English. Begin, begin, we are set. (Sit on the Railles.

French. Thats a braue King.

Eng.

The Palfgrave

English: Thats a braue boy that playes the Queenes
French: He shalbe my Iuggler.

(part.)
Englysh: And when the play's don, Ile be at charg

To bid them all to supper.

Palfgrave. Away with them.

French: I am very sleepy.

English: Would I were a bed.

T. Fuz. Ile leade you thither.

Englysh. God a mercy good Chamberlaine.

French. The play's done, and now we must go home.

Farewell.

Exeunt Fooles.

Queenz. But shal the stream turne, this way is my plot
Become so weake? you will beleeue a Subiect
Before a Queen? I haue out-shot my selfe,
In seeking Iustice at an enemies hand:
This is a crosse beyond the strength of brayne;
Sure I shall end my dayes in Lunacy,
Like one to whom due vengeance is denide,
Because of weaknesse, on my selfe Ile turne
The fury that should light ypon my foe,
Scatter my hayre, like chaffe before the wind,
Hell in this world dwells in a iealous minde. *Exit.*

Palf. Our reuellings has strucke day out of night,
And bright Aurora vshers foorth the Sunne
To his diurnall course; yet neyther night,
Day, nor the morning, with her fliring beames,
Can stirre vp valour in this *Saxons* breit:
What, is thy minde made captiue with thy body?
Or thinkst thou that I take aduantages
Where honour should be shewd, Ime still my selfe
Ready to gue an answere to thy challenge
As at the first, and if thou conquerst me,
By my Atchiuements I will set thee free.

Sax. You shew your selfe in this a Noble doe,
And receiuere more honour then I hop't:
I thought, because I was your prisoner,

You

The Palsgrave.

You had esteemd captiuicte a conquest.
But sinc e you haue awaked sleeping valour,
And giuen your Captiue such a priuiledge :
I am the same bolde combateant to dare,
And doe as much as erst I did intend.

Palsgrave. Choose your owne Weapons , and Ile
meete you streight.

Saxon. My Armour there. Exenrt.

Enter Cullen.

Cullen. Clinton and bold Fytzwaters are arriu'de,
And bring with them releast from seruitude
Brandenberg, Sanoy, and Bohemia.

King. Guide them in.

*Enter Old Fytzwaters, Clinton, Drum, and Colours, with
Sanoy, Brandenberg, and Bishops, with Soldiers.*

Old Fytz. These with our felues, we humbly doe
present vnto your Maiestie.

Clinton. Such as our Swordes by a glorious victorie
set free.

King. When Heauen is please to giue prosperitie,
How it flowes in : welcome my honord Friends : I am
glad your thraldomes proue your libertie.

Sanoy. The King of England has bene alwayes kinde.
Bohem. I haue euer found it so.

Brandenb. And so haue I.

Old Fytz. Whom doe I see ? my Sonne that stole
my Bride ? As you respect my seruice (gracious King)
Let me haue Justice.

Clint: Clinton kneels with him.

T. Fytz. To their great seruice, greater I oppose,
And doe beseech your Highnes wrong me not.

Old Fytz: Wrong thee ?

T. Fytz: I wrong mee, may not Kings doe wrong ?
Or dare you thinke because you are my Father
loose my wife.

Clint

The Palsgrave.

Clinton. Daughter come from him, least I force you
Floramell. Father I may not. (hither.)

T. Fytz. Fathers both shee shall not.

King. Weele heare no more of these bold menaces
On paine of death I charge you both forbearre:
And let my censure sway this difference.

In *Engeland* at your house the *Byshop* tolde mee
That *Clintons* Daughter by a precontract,
Was young *Fytzwaters* wife; and that some tricke
Betwixt the Fathers to preserue theyr wealth,
Broke off the match, to haue him wedde the olde.
This being true; I charge you on your liues.
Urge him no further in his lawfull choyce,
But as twas wrong enough to hinder it,
Make him amends, by being reconcilde.

T. Fytz. Which I intreat vpon a dutious knee.

Floramell. And so doe I.

Old Fytz. Rise, rise, I am frends with you both, and
When my Angers ouer you shall find me a kind Father.

Clinton. So shall you.

T. Fytz. All lets are now remou'd, I am truly happy.

Cullen. The Combattants are ready.

King. Guide them in.

*Enter severally Saxon and the Palsgrave Armed,
and in theyr seruants, Drum & Cullors.*

Palsgr. Idle are words where we must vse our swords,
Yet that it may appeare what mindes we beare,
Now we are marcht into this dreadfull Lifts,
Know that this day my Honour shall exceede.
Or I lye breathlesse where I set my foote.

Saxon. Were thy brest Marble, & thy ribbs of brass,
Saxon will haue the superioritie,
Or in this dreadfull place, his life expires.

Palsgrave. Sound trumpets, & the destinies guide all.

Fight, and kills Saxon.

The Palsgrave.

Bastard. The Palsgrave is invincible I thinke.

F. King. Not to be ouercome.

Menz. Nor to be tam'de by any.

F. King. Matchlesse, and farre beyond the praise of words, are all thy actions, let me honour thee. (ioy.

Palsgrave. Our Friends returnd in safety theres more

F. King. Cesar resigne your Title vnto Saway, and Saway, sit you vp, whilst the Electors heere ioyne all their hands to make thee Emperour.

Palsgr: Mine as the first.

Bohem.

Trier. And to get your loue,
We will disgrace our selues to honour him.

Bastard. Receiue the Crowne, but as hee weares the same may it crush out his braines.

Palsgr. Long liue and happily the Germane Cesar.

Saway. As happily as your kinde loues haue made me, And long as please the Heauens.

Palsgrave. Your farther rights shalbe performd with State in Germanie, whither I invite the Maiestie of England, and all our Friends.

King. Ile beare you companie.

Palsgr: Faire windes and prosperous to our severall Realmes, wee wish and pray for, tis not our least good To be the Fauorites of the wauing Flood.

Exeunt.

FINIS. W. Smyth.

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